

## Talk To Me

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Category: CSI

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Characters: Gil G., Sara S.

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-11 16:58:29

Updated: 2016-04-11 16:58:29

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:50:36

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,293

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: One shot, set in Leaving Las Vegas. What was Sara's reaction to Grissom leaving? Did she even know?

## Talk To Me

\*AN: So, I've been re-watching CSI and decided to do a one shot set during Leaving Las Vegas. What was Sara's reaction to Grissom leaving?\*

Sara sat in the break room, going over some old files, catching up on her paperwork. It had been a busy couple of days, she had barely had time to eat let alone do the paperwork. Today had been a slow day, it was a nice change of pace. No dead bodies, no grieving family members, no blood.

If she got this done quickly, she might be able to knock off early and see Grissom. He hadn't been the same since Ernie Dell's death, she knew it must be hard on him. He had been working so hard for so long, and she could see that it was taking its toll.

She had another sip of coffee and realised her mug was empty. She was just refilling it when Hodges walked in.

"Hey, Sara," he said, in that smug voice he uses when he thinks he knows something they don't

"Hi, Hodges," she replied, not really in the mood to deal with him today.

"What cha' doing?"

"Paperwork, it's been a busy week," she said as she moved back to her place at the table, placing her mug on top of it. Hodges nodded and pushed away from the counter, joining her. Sara rolled her eyes a little, before focusing on the file in front of her.

"Want to get it done quickly?" Hodges asked, she nodded. "Makes sense, I'm sure Grissom wants it before he goes."

"What?" She asked, not really paying attention.

"Well, I'm sure Grissom wants all the paperwork finished before he leaves," he said, his voice hinting at something. Sara sighed, she really didn't have time for this if she wanted to leave early. "You know Grissom, he doesn't like to leave things unfinished."

"What are you talking about, Hodges?" She asked, finally giving up trying to ignore him.

"Grissom's sabbatical?" She didn't say anything, she had no idea what he was talking about. "He's leaving tomorrow. He didn't tell you?"

Sara shook her head, looking away. Her mind going a million miles an hour. He was leaving, tomorrow, and she had no idea about it. They had been together almost eighteen months now and he's still keeping things from her, she has to practically interrogate him to find out about his day. She got the fact that he was a private person, she respected that. She wasn't exactly an open book herself. But this? She'd expect him to tell her something like this, rather than allow her to find out from someone else. Especially when that person was David Hodges.

"I'm sure he was getting round to telling people," Hodges said, leaning back in his chair.

"Hodges," she said, a little harsher than she intended. "How did you find out about this?" She was hurt that Grissom told him before her.

"I saw an approved Leave of Absence form on Eklie's desk," he said.

"So you were snooping," she shut her file and stood up, frustrated and angry.

"I wouldn't say snooping."

"You were snooping, Hodges," Sara snapped before stomping out of the room. She probably shouldn't take her anger out on Hodges, it wasn't his fault Grissom sucks at communication. She walked up to Grissom's office, before she could get there, however, Warrick walked in. She stood to the side, waiting for him to leave. She couldn't help overhearing what he said.

"Hodges said you're leaving us?" Why did everyone know but her? She listened to their conversation, he was going to teach. Well, that didn't surprise her. Grissom missed teaching, he loved what he does but most everyone on the team has learnt as much as they could from him. They were constantly learning from him, just not in the way they did when they first started out. She knew Grissom missed the trill he got watching someone make a new discovery.

"Hey Sara," Greg said from behind her. She jumped a little, not expecting him to be there. "Sorry," he said, laughing a little. "What

are you doing?"

"Paperwork," she said, holding up the file.

"And hanging outside Grissom's office is part of that?" He teased. Sara laughed, a little uncomfortable. What was she thinking, hanging outside his office? Luckily, Warrick exited just then, saving her from answering.

"Hey guys, what's going on?" He asked, looking between the two of them.

"Nothing," Sara replied, a little too quickly. Warrick studied her before nodding his head.

"Alright."

"Hey, Rick. You going to the game tomorrow?" Greg asked.

"I was thinking it, why? You in?" Warrick asked.

"Yeah, I was thinking, we grab Nick, grab a couple of beers. Make a night of it," the two men walked away, leaving Sara standing alone. She watched them leave, making sure they were out of sight before entering the office. Grissom was standing with his back to her, studying the miniatures. That case had consumed him of the past couple of months, she was glad it was finally over.

She watched him for a few minutes, she had been in love with the man pretty much since the moment she met him. When he asked her to come to Vegas she thought, she hoped it meant that he was going to do something about them. She had put the ball in his court and she had hoped he would play, he didn't. For years they danced around each other, she had put herself out there, just to get shot down.

She had finally given up on him when, after they rescued Nick, she found him at her door. She didn't know what he was doing there, he didn't know what he was doing there, but he stayed. They talked for hours before both falling asleep on her sofa. When she woke that evening, she couldn't believe he was actually there. He wasn't working that night, so she put a blanket over him, showered and dressed before leaving for shift. As shocked as she was to find him there when she woke, it was nothing to the shock she felt when she went home and found him still there.

They continued to do that over the next couple of days, a week later they had their first kiss. She felt like she was floating on air, when his lips touched hers. It was only brief, but it was special. A week after that, he kissed her goodbye. That kiss turned into another, and then another. She woke up to find Grissom lying next to her.

She loved what they had, both very private people, keeping their relationship a secret worked for them. At least for now, she did wonder if they would ever get to a point where they could be open about it. If he kept something as big as taking a sabbatical from her, she doubted it would be anytime soon.

Grissom turned round then, he did a little double take when he saw her. He clearly wasn't expecting her.

"Sara, what's up?" He asked, not moving from his place by the miniatures. Sara closed the door, she saw his eyebrows rise a little as she did so.

"My report on the Maddison case," she walked over to him, handing the file over. He thanked her and took it, walking over to his desk. She followed him, leaning on the chair opposite his. The pair looked at each other, over the desk between them.

"What's wrong?" He asked after a while. How is it possible that he can be completely unaware in some situations, yet very observant in others? She laughed a little, bit her lip and looked away.

"Sara?"

"When were you going to tell me?" She asked, looking back at him. Her eye's daring him to deny it, to feign ignorance. He broke eye contact. "Grissom?"

"I don't know," was his answer. She was shocked at his honesty, but her shock didn't stop her anger.

"Ok," was all she said, before turning away. He really was unbelievable.

"Sara, wait," he called her as she got to the door. "Let me, let me explain."

"Explain what?" She turned back round, hating herself for the tears that stood in her eyes. "Explain the fact that everyone seems to know you're going away except me? Explain why, rather than tell me yourself, I had to hear it from David Hodges?"

"Hodges told you?" Grissom asked, she could hear the anger he was trying to hide.

"It doesn't matter who told me, Gris. It should have been you," she was trying so hard not to raise her voice, but it was proving difficult. The pair stood in silence for a while, Sara waited for him to speak. She wasn't going to be the one to fix it this time, he has to take responsibility.

"Sara, I," he started, stammering in his usual way. "I, uh, I."

"Just spit it out, Grissom," she snapped, she was fed up with it.

"It's hard Sara, I didn't know how to tell you."

"Well, 'hey Sara, I'm going away for a couple of weeks' would have been a good start." Grissom looked away. "It didn't even cross your mind to tell me, did it?"

"No, I mean, yes it did. I just didn't," he stuttered, before taking a breath. "I'm sorry, I should have told you."

"Yeah," she looked at him for a second longer before turning to leave, she paused when she got to the door and turned back to him. "Why can't you just talk to me? Tell me what you, never mind." She

left then, leaving him alone in his office.

At the end of her shift she went home, stopping off at her favourite take out place. She opened the door to her apartment and was greeted by candles, music was playing softly, a white table cloth was covering her table; the places set, ready for a meal. She frowned and looked around the room, she could smell something cooking. Nothing beat a home cooked meal, made by Gil Grissom. As she walked further into the room, Grissom came out of the kitchen. He stopped when he saw her, giving her a small shy smile. He placed the plate on the table.

"Gil, what's going on?" She asked, slightly confused.

"This is an apology. I should have told you I was going."

"Yeah, you should of," she said, still a little angry with him. He crossed the room, took her bag and the take out she'd just brought and put them in the kitchen. He returned with another plate, which he put on the table. Then, he held out his hand for hers, she gave it to him. They sat in silence while they ate, occasionally looking over at each other.

When they had finished their main, Grissom cleared the table and brought out some ice-cream; mint choc-chip, Sara's favourite.

"I'm sorry," Grissom said, after a while. "I'm not good with words, Sara. I'm not good at communicating, either. I should have told you, I know. I was going to, before I left, tonight actually. I'm sorry." Sara watched him, he was sincere, really sorry. She could feel her anger ebb away from the look on his face, damn that man. She could never stay angry at him for long.

Sara slid her hand across the table, taking his. At her touch he looked up, she smiled. No words were necessary. She stood, still holding his hand, made her way around the table and settled onto his lap. Her arm slipped around his neck, his settled on her waist, and she kissed him. She pulled back and bent her head, ensuring she was looking right in his eyes.

"It's ok, I understand," she smiled at the relief in his eyes, maybe now he'd finally understand. "Next time, just talk to me."

"I will," he promised. She kissed him again, they never got round to eating their ice-cream.

They woke up that evening, Grissom kissed her and then left for shift. Sara followed, not far after him, they never travelled to work together. She didn't see him for the entire shift, which she was kind of glad about. It gave her time to process what was going on in her head, Grissom was leaving as soon as shift was over. They wouldn't get a chance to say goodbye, not properly.

She went out with Greg to a B&E, the scene didn't take long and by the end of shift they go their girl. She checked her watch, he'd be leaving in about ten minutes. She contemplated going to his office, but she knew they would probably get interrupted. She didn't really know how she felt about his going. She would miss him, but it was something he had to do.

She was getting her things from her locker when he walked past.

"Hey, my cabs here."

"So you're going," she still didn't know how she felt about it.

"Yeah,"

"I'll see you when you get back," with that she turned away, not really wanting to face him. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw him walk further into the room so she turned. He didn't say anything, but she could see that he wanted to.

"I'll miss you," he said, then he turned and left her alone. She watched after him, her heart already hurting from the distance between them.

\*AN: Ok, so I know that last line was really corny, don't hate me! This is supposed to just be a one shot but, if I get enough reviews, I may go on to do Grissom's return. What do you think? Hope you enjoyed.\*

End  
file.